

THE
DISAPPOINTMENT;

A New BALLAD

O P E R A

Of One Act.

Alter'd from a FARCE after the Manner
of the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

As it is ACTED at the

T H E A T R E

IN THE

H A Y - M A R K E T.



L O N D O N :

Printed for S. SLOW, next E. LYNN'S;
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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don Pedro,
F. Berrado,
Teague,

Mr. Jones.
Mr. Warwell.
Mr. Giles.



Lady Pedro,
Clara,

Mrs. Martin.
Mrs. Palms.



T O

Edward Shepherd, Esq;

S I R,



Ask Pardon for my Pre-
sumption in throwing this
at your Feet, unworthy as
it is, of so great a Protector ; but
knowing you a Gentleman of so
much Generosity and Good-nature,
besides an Encourager of all At-
tempts in Poetry, has embolden'd me
to usher this small Endeavour into
the World under your Protection,
as expecting a more favourable Re-
ception from the Town, where

A 2

your

iv DEDICATION.

your Indulgence has consented to let your Name be prefixed.

So you whose Columns (especially the Muses Seat) will be your Monument, and make your Excellence in Architecture famous to Posterity, by your kind Assistance of this my first Attempt in the kind, will prove the only Pillars on which it rests, and be a much surer Support than either the Merit of the Piece, or the Candor of a good-natur'd Audience.

SIR, I am

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

JOHN RANDALL.



SCENE I. *Madrid.*

Enter Lady Pedro and Clara.

A Chamber SCENE.

Air I. *When Bright Aurelia.*

Lady Pedro.



*'Tis Beauties Part to Conquer all
And Slaves their Homage Pay,
But here the Victim I must fall,
And all those Arts Betray.*

*Assist ye Gods ! Oh ! Ease my Care
Let Success my Love attend ;
Avant the Torment of Dispair
Or let Death the Contest end.*

Ah ! Clara, My Indisposition is not to be cured.

Cl. Not without applying the proper Medicines I grant you — well. Had I such a Confessor as Father *Barnardo*, — I say no more, — but I fancy nothing wou'd trouble my Conscience long.

L. Bed.

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L. Ped. What do you mean?

Cla. My meaning depends upon yours, Madam, pray what do you mean, by Painting Father *Barnardo's* Picture in ev'ry Room of the House, at your Beds-head, your Toilet, at the bottom of your Crucifix, at every corner of your Handkerchief. Nay, upon your very Fanny too; as if the good Father, like the Traveller in the Fable cou'd heat and cool at once.

L. Ped. Is there any harm in wearing a good Man's Picture, is he not of the Pillars of our Church, eminent for exclaiming against Heresy and Schism; and fain would reconcile the World to *Rome's* pure Religion. Oh! They are blest that he converts—happy the Pair, who e're they be, that are in Wedlock joyn'd by him,—wou'd I had been one of those.

Cla. If the good Father has this healing Art, why are you so uneasy? A Letter of Comfortable Consolation wou'd revive the Colour in those Cheeks, and give great Satisfaction to your Mind, or I have lost my Judgment; and I am not us'd to be out in my Guess—— where Love is the Biddle.

L. Ped. Well—since thou hast hit my Dis-temper so exactly, Girl, I'll confess ingeniously to thee, I do love Father *Barnardo* to Distraction; but how to discover my Passion, or what Reception it may meet with, when discover'd, it is that which racks me.

Air II. New. By Mr. Warwell.

*To be freed from my Marriage State,
I'd give all that is good and great;
For sure it is the Load of Life,
To be plagued with the Name of Wife.*

Cla.

Cla. What Reception?—a kind one I warrant ye Madam; and your Marriage will better secure—a Husband is a convenient Cloak, for these Affairs,—and for the Priest, tho' forbid to Marry, as a mortal Sin; Fornication was never reckon'd more than venial; and for Discovery, whilst there is Pen, Ink, and Paper in the World, a Woman can never beat a Loss to tell her Mind—write to him, Madam, write to him.—

L. Ped. But who shall carry it?

Cla. Your *Irish* Footman, he's a simple honest Fellow, and may be easily manag'd. Do you write your Letter, Madam, and I'll give him Instructions in the mean-time.

L. Ped. I'll do it this Instant.

[*Exit, Clara goes to the Door, and calls Teague who enters.*

Teag. Well Mrs. Clara, what Commands, what Commands, have you for *Teague*, now?

Cla. Do you think you can do a Message cunningly *Teague*.

Teag. Cunningly; yes faith can I, we are all so cunning now,—what, for a Message is it Joy.—

Cla. It is a Letter for Father *Barnardo* at the Convent of St. *Francis*, if you do it handsomely a Moidore is your Reward;—but if you make any Mistake—

Teag. Hub, bub, bub, bub, bub, bu, mistake,—no faith won't I, and Arra, will you be after giving me the Moidore—indeed, upon my Soul, honey.—

Cla. Upon Honour? (*Going*)

Teag. Arra, say no more now—I will be after coming in a Quarter of the Clock.—

Cla. Stay, stay, you must take the Letter,
Teague. *Teag.*

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Teag. No, no, no, 'tis no matter, I have a very clean Letter in my Pocket, which will do very well, upon my Shoul, Joy [Going.] And will save Time, yes Faith will it.—

Cla. Ha; ha, ha, ha,—no, no, *Teague*, that won't do, stay,—I'll fetch the Letter

[Exit; and returns quick:

Here *Teague*, there is the Letter; but if you meet your Master, not a Word of it to him, for your Life;—and I charge you to give it into no-body's Hand but the Priest's, and bring me an Answer.

Air III. When the bright God of Day, &c:

*Haste, haste, haste, and away,
To the Priest straight convey,
Her Ladyship's fond Inclination:
For his Power will ease,
And her Ladyship please,
Beyond E'er a Don in the Nation.*

Make haste back with the Answer, and then—

Teag. What then Joy?—

Cla. Then the Moidore is your own.—

Teag. Yes Faith will I Joy. [Exit severally:]

SCENE, The Town.

Re-enter Teague.

A Arra, upon my Shoul, an I was after forgetting this plaguey Priest's name; yes faith, was I, — Father, Bom, Bom, Bom, Bom, — by St. Patrick, I was not knowing who to ask for now, — what will I do, — who the Devil shall I get to read the outside of this Letter, now.

Arra,

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Arra, 'pon my Salvation, 'tis a fine story; yes
faith, is it.

Air IV. O Ponder well.

*A Pox on all Misfortunes light,
I so unlucky am,
O! help me good St. Patrick bright,
To think on this Priest's Name.*

*Enter Don Pedro, behind him, looking over his
on the Letter.*

D. Ped. For Father Bernardo.

Teag. Arra 'pon my Salvation, dat is the name,
now.

[Turns quick upon Don Pedro, and starts.

[Aside.] Ah! my master, what shall I say now.

D. Ped. Whether are you going with that Letter, Sirrah? It is my Wife's Hand.

Teag. Upon my Shoul, a very good Jest; first read the superscription, and then ask where it goes.

D. Ped. It may not prove so good a Jest, as you think, Sirrah, — Who gave you that Letter?

Teag. Arra master, you are very uncivil to enquire into Folk's Business, so you are, yes faith, are you.

D. Ped. I shall be so very uncivil as to break your head, you Rascal, if you don't answer me to the Purpose: Give me the Letter, you dog you.

Teag. Arra faith, won't I, — that's the way to lose the Moidore, which I am to have for carrying of it.

B

D. Ped.

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D. Ped. A Moidore for carrying of it! Sure the Business is very urgent, when the Postage is so dear. — Give me it, I say, or I, or, or,

[Lays his Hand upon his Sword.

Teag. No, upon my Shoul, wont I.

D. Ped. Won't you, Sirrah.

[Draws and beats him.

Teag. Arra, take the letter,

[Throws it at D—— P——

Pox on me, if I don't wish the Devil had ye both, yes faith, do I, for poor *Teague* loses his Moidore, now. And *Mrs. Clara* will never send me of any more Arrands, yes faith won't she.

D. Ped. Ho, Ho — *Clara* gave it you, did she?

[opens it.

Teague. Yes, indeed, now. And I believe there is some very great Sin in the Letter, now, that the good Father was to send pardon for, so I do

D. Ped. Monstrous! What do I feel; — Yes, here's a Sin with a Witness. (*Reads*)

Dear Father, forgive me, when I tell you the more I see you, the more I love you, and hate my Husband;

[hum, very fine.

and the more I pray against the Temptation, the more powerfully my Inclination pleads in your Behalf.

[Furies and Destructions.

I implore your charitable Aid, to conquer this unruly Sin.

[Yes, I'll help you with a Vengeance to you.

Nothing but your Company can prolong the Life of Flora!

[Say you so, Mistress, very well.

[To Teag.] Clara gave you this Letter, you say?

Teag.

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Teag. Yes, faith, did she. — Arra, dear honey Maistre, an have you done with the Letter, that I may carry it to the good Father; — what do you call him, or I shall lose the Moidore? Yes, faith, shall I.

D. Ped. These are the Comforts of Matrimony.

Air V. New. By Mr. Warwell.

*Marriage surely is a Curse,
What than Marriage can prove worse;
No sooner Wed,
Or scarcely Bed,
But abroad the Wife will roam,
And soon the Man, a Cuckold form.*

Ha! I have a lucky Thought come into my Head, and this Fellow's Simplicity may be of use; — Hark ye, *Teague*, come along with me. I am acquainted with Father *Barnardo*, I'll procure you an Answer to this Letter; it is as you say, a Letter of Confession, and I believe *Clara* might not perform the Articles of Agreement with you, if she knew I had seen it; but take no Notice of that, do you hear, and there are two Moidores for you, Sirrah.

Exit D. Pedro.

Teag. Oh! 'pon my Shoul, poor *Teague* is dumb, now will I have three Moidores; — this was a lucky beating for poor *Teague*: Now will I drink *St. Patrick's* Health, till I am as red as a Poratoc, yes faith, will I.

[*Exit Teague.*

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Enter Father Barnardo.

F. Bar. I have had very odd Dreams last night; —methought, I was in Bed with Lady Pedro, —ah, would it was real, —for she is a charming Woman by St. *Anthony*; I never hear her Confession, but my Virtue is much stagger'd, the Flesh and Spirit hold strong Contention. Oh! She is a delicious Morsel.

Air VI. Now. By Mr. Warwell.

*We are mere out-side Pretenders,
And Religions weak Defenders.
A Pattern good we ought to shew,
Which indeed —we seldom do;
For we a Liberty of Conscience take,
Sometimes to keep, and sometimes break.*

Ha! her Husband, I hope he did not hear me.

[Aside.

Enter D. Pedro.

D. Ped. So I have dispatch'd the *Irishman*:

[Aside,

—Ha! Father Barnardo, well met, I was going to your Convent? —I have a Favour to ask of you.

F. Bar. You may command me Senior Pedro, —pray what is it?

D. Ped. Why I must desire you to procure me a Habit of your Order, for an Hour or two.

F. Bar. I hope you have no Enterprize in View, that may scandalize the Priesthood.

D. Ped.

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D. Ped. Fye, Fye, does a Man of my Years give you room for Suspicion? Besides I am a married Man, you know.

F. Bar. And have the most beautiful Lady in all *Madrid*; —A religious, virtuous Lady; —Ah Senior, you are a happy Man.

Air VII. *New. Set by Mr. Warvell.*

*Happy you, that is poss'ing
Virtue like hers, it's a Blessing
Joy and Pleasure,
Out of measure;
You may think your self ever blest,
Whilst with a Wife so kind poss'ist.*

D. Ped. A Curse on the Happiness, —her Virtue and your Sanctity, Father, might have begotten a Monster, call'd a Cuckold, if Fortune had not flung me in the way to prevent it.

F. Bar. What say you Senior?

D. Ped. I say I am contented, Father.

F. Bar. Why another Man wou'd be transported, ravish'd, nay almost guilty of Idolatry.

D. Ped. (*Aside*) Humph, there would have been fine Work if they had come together; Oh! these Priests are full of Abstinence and Piety.

[*To Bar.*] If you'll oblige me with a Habit, let it be immediately, and I shou'd be proud, if you'd give me this Evening to sup with my Wife, —for I'll assure you Father, she has a profound Respect for you.

F. Bar. I am much oblig'd to her, Senior, —I'll not fail to accept your kind Invitation,
come

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come along with me, and I'll give you the Habit!

A profound Respect for me: —Oh! that it were Love.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit.*

D. Ped. I'll send for 'em this Minute, Father, but I must pay a Visit to my virtuous Wife, and see how she bears her Expectations.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *Changes to a Chamber, and discovers Lady Pedro reading the Letter.*

Enter Clara to her.

L. Ped. **H**E has answer'd as I could wish—
dear Clara, how shall I reward thee?

[*Gives Money.*

Take ye that as a Token of my future Service to you,—he says he will come in the Twilight, which will soon be here, tho' not so soon as I cou'd wish it; he desires for Reasons, which he will give, he says, to be admitted in the Dark; which Caution does not displease me, since it may prevent the Confusion I shall be in after such a Declaration.

Let other Wives their Virtue boast,

A little Artifice to blind;

A nobler Passion here's possess,

And new Delights inspire my Mind.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Clara. He did that on purpose, Madam, he is a true Cavalier, and understands his Business to a Hair; he knows Darknes is necessary upon these Occasions—it prevents a Lady's Blushes—
—ods—

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—od's-heart, Madam, here's my Lord, I hear him cough——

L. *Ped.* O mischievous Minute!—here, here, run down the back Stairs and burn the Letter immediately, I'll to my Book— [Exit Clara.
[*She sits down by the Table and reads.*

Enter D. *Ped.*

There she sits as if she knew nothing of the Matter—ah! Cockatrice—— [Aside.
[*To her.*]

What always at thy Devotion Pigsey?

L. *Ped.* How can I pass away my Time better in your Absence Pudsey. Were it not for these good Books, I should be very melancholly, when you are from me Pudsey. [Fondles him.

D. *Ped.* (*Aside.*) Hell confound her for a dissembling Witch.

L. *Ped.* What ails my Pudsey, you look out of Humour, with your nown Pigsey, what have I done, ha?

D. *Ped.* Nothing yet I hope,—but that's no Fault of hers—I dare swear [Aside.

L. *Ped.* Nay, what are you studying for Pudsey—ha?

D. *Ped.* Why if you must know my little Pigsey——then I'll tell you: *Don Duarte* lays Claim to part of the Estate I bought last Year, —and I must be oblig'd to leave my Pigsey for two or three Hours this Evening, in order to consult the Lawyers about the matter, that's all my Dear—and I was afraid you wou'd take it ill of your nown Pudsey.——

L. *Ped.*

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L. Ped. [Aside.] Lucky beyond Expression,
No, no, Pud, I am not so unreasonable nei-
ther, I can divert my self with my Books till
you return,—but do Pudsey make all the haste
you can to your nown Dear.—

D. Ped. [Aside.]

Ay, ay, more haste than you wou'd wish I
dare swear.—

[Going] that I will—by'e Pigsey by'e

L. Ped. What never a parting Kils Pudsey—
Oh! You don't love me—go, go, you are a
naughty Hubby—I, I, I, I, with I cou'd love
you less! *[Takes out her Handkerchief and sobs.]*

D. Ped. [Aside.]

Did ever Woman make a Cuckold
with a better Grace—Ounds she out-does an
English Wife—*[To her.]*

Nay don't weep Fisup,—I'll stay with thee—
let the Estate go how it will—rather than dis-
please my little Fisup.

L. Ped. Heaven forbid, that were carrying
the Jest a little too far! *[Aside.]*

No, no, I don't desire that Pudsey.

D. Ped. (Aside.) No, I dare swear it.

L. Ped. Go,—but give me a kiss first, Pudsey

D. Ped. Ah, you are a coaxing Baggage;
(Kisses her,) Good by Pigsey, bye, bye,

[Exit Don Pedro]

L. Ped. Bye, bye, wou'd all my heart

Enter Clara.

He is gone, Girl, most fortunately.

Clara. Loverheard all, and wish you Joy of this
Oppor-

tunity, Come, come Madam, away to your Chamber, 'tis near the time, and there contemplate on your coming, Joy, whilst I your Harbinger of Bliss wait to conduct the Man that is to crown your Happiness.

L. Ped. I fly, I fly,

Air VIII. *I'll range all round
In Love's Disease, no Blame we find,
Like sweet Enjoyment heal the Mind:
O fly ye Moments, swiftly fly,
For till he is here, I languish, die.*

SCENE *Discovers Lady Pedro, lying on a Couch.*

L. Ped. BLESS me! What Noise was that, — my heart akes, horribly, least the old Cuff, shou'd return and prevent my charming Priest.

Enter Clara leading in D. Pedro in a Priest's Habit.

Cl. Fear Nothing, Father, strait forward is your Way to Happiness.

D. Ped. A Happiness, I fear, will bode some of you no Good. *[Aside.*

Sweet, Sweet, Daughter, where are you?

[Exit Clara.

L. Ped. Ha! he's come, — here, here, my too charming Father, can you forgive a Woman's Weakness?

[Both groping, as in the dark.

D. Ped. Common Frailture of Flesh and Blood, if thou hast pray'd against it, thou hast
C done

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done thy Part: For my Part, 'tis the Business of my Order to comfort those that faint.

L. Ped. Oh! Father, I have pray'd, but to no Purpose, you are the only Object of my Thoughts. I blush, tho' in the Dark, to own how much I love thee.

D. Ped. Is it possible?

Air IX. Charming Jenny, you mun love me.

D. Ped. Fairest Creature can you love me?

L. Ped. By my Hopes of Peace, I do;

D. Ped. Thus, in Transports let me hold thee;

L. Ped. And can you Love me, Father, too?

D. Ped. Let our Moments move with pleasure,

L. Ped. And new Delights play circling round;

D. Ped. May our vast Bliss, know no Measure,

Both. And we will live in Love profound.

D. Ped. Come to my Arms, and let your Blushes brood their soft'ning Warmth upon my Bosom.

[They embrace each other.

Is your Husband safe?

L. Ped. Safe enough, Tho' it won't be long e're he return. Fortune smil'd upon my Wishes, and call'd him luckily abroad.

D. Ped. then let us improve the little time we have. Thus let me cool the raging Fever in your Blood.

[Catches hold of her Arm, pulls out a Rope and beats her.

L. Ped. Oh! what do you mean to murder me! Inhuman Monster, oh! Murder, Murder, Murder, Oh, Oh, Oh!

[falls on the Couch.

Enter

Enter Clara.

Bless me! what is the matter, Madam?

D. Ped. Only administering a little Pennance, Mistress, it won't be amiss to bestow a little on you too. *[Beats her smartly.]*

Cla. The Devil take you, and your Pennance too, you old sanctified Dog you — Thieves, Thieves, ——— I'll have you equip'd for the Opera! Sirrah, I will so. A Light, there's Thieves in the House: Oh! oh! Thieves my Lady's murder'd.

D. Ped. *[Aside.]* I must not stay for a Light, least they discover me; one farewell Stroke, and now remember your Benefactor Mrs. Bawd.

[Strikes her, She shrieks.]

[Exit D. Ped.]

Cla. Yes, I shall remember you with a vengeance. *[Enter Teague with a Light.]*

Tea. Arra, by my shoul, what shall be the matter Joy, is the House haunted ——— has the great Devil, and the little Devil put the Fright upon you both together, one ater another.

L. Ped. Be gone, impertinent Fool,

Tea. Fool, pon my Salvation Irishmen are no Fools, we make *English* Men Joy; and *Spaniards* too.

Cla. Get out Sirrah, or I'll fling the Candle at your Head.

Tea. Arra Pox take your ugly Face, and him that wou'd put a Kiss upon it Joy, for *Teague.*

Exit Teague.

L. Ped. Oh! *Clara* I am kill'd, this cursed Priest has kill'd me.

Cla. Was there ever such a Monster! I dare swear I am Black from Head to Foot; he laid on

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so unmercifully — my Mind misgives me the Priest is no Man, this feels like an occasional Correction.

L. Ped. Occasional do you call it? I'm sure he has giv'n me Occasion to remember his Pen-nance this Twelve-month.

[*Don Pedro Within.*

D. P. Pigsey, Pigsey, where are ye Child?

L. P. Oh Heav'n! it is my Husband's Voice; he's return'd, what shall I say for my Indisposition?

Cla. Oh! Invention where art thou?

[*Pauses.*

[*Enter D. Pedro.*

D. Ped. What a Sleep, deary.

Cla. A Sleep! no, no, Senior alafs! my poor Lady had like to have been kill'd since you went,

D. Ped. Kill'd! — how — ye make me Tremble.

Cla. Going down the Stairs her Foot slippt, and down she came from top to bottom, and bruised her self sadly; that she is not able to stir a Finger, 'Tis a Mercy she was not kill'd out-right,

L. Ped. Excellent Wench,

[*Aside.*

D. Ped. Here's a pure Jade at Invention — they say the Devil's a Lyar. But I'll be hang'd if this Wench wont out-lye the Devil.

[*Aside.*

I am heartily sorry for this Misfortune, poor dear Pigsey — but I hope thou hast not broke any Bones.

L. Ped. But I am hurt, Pudsey?

D. Ped. I am sorry for it, for I have invited Father *Bernardo* to Sup with us. I met him hard

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hard by, and brought him back with me, because I know he's a Favourite with my Pigsey.

Cla. [*Aside.* Not so great a Favourite as he was, if you knew all.

L. Ped. I beg to be excus'd, Pudsey, I cannot come down, beside, I have no Stomach.

Cla. No, no, the Priest has given us Supper enough, more than we shall digest one while.

[*Aside.*

D. Ped. Well, if you can't eat there's no more to be said, take care of your Lady, *Clara*, — we'll drink thy Health, my little Fisup.

[*Exit Pedro.*

L. Ped. My Heart rises at the Villain; if I cou'd see him, I think in my Soul I cou'd tear him Limb from Limb, Oh! That I cou'd be reveng'd.

Cla. What Revenge cou'd you take, bad enough, Madam? 'tis impossible to find Revenge equal to the Affront. A Rope's end to a Lady that expected ——— I could flea him alive, so I cou'd.

Air X. *My Heart is so free.*

*My Flesh it yet akes,
And my Heart it so quakes,
My Passion yet stronger will rise out.
Is this all his Skill,
To use you so ill,
I freely cou'd tear his Eyes out.*

L. Ped. My Head akes grievously.

Cla. Let me cover you up upon the Bed, Madam, a little Sleep will settle your Head again.

[*Exit Omn.*

S C E N E

S C E N E. *A Garden.**Enter Don Pedro and Barnardo.**F. Bar.* Your Lady posselt, say ye ———*D. Ped.* 'Tis ev'n so, Father. I left her in her Senses, and found her so, I thought, about two Hours ago, but now she raves, calls Names, and talks of being beat by every Body that comes near her.*F. Bar.* poor Lady — I am exceeding sorry. I'll take care she shall be pray'd for by the whole Convent.*D. Pen.* I wish you wou'd see her, Father perhaps your ghostly Admonition may do her good. Men of your Function have Power over unclean Spirits. Pray try what you can do for her. —*F. Bar.* With all my Heart, — but I have no holy Water about me — nothing frights the Devil like holy Water. Thence comes the Proverb you know.[*Exeunt Both.*]*D. Ped.* I can help you to some, please to walk this way, Father.[*Scene Discovers Lady Pedro asleep, Enter Father Barnardo, Don Pedro, Listning.*]*F. Bar.* Peace be here — ha! She Sleeps — how invitingly she lies. What a delicious Morfel has this old sapless Log ev'ry Night to Snear over,

Air XI.

Air XI. Thomas I cannot.

*How Charming she lies,
It makes my Blood rise,
'Tis Joy beyond all Expressing ;
My Flame so great, sure
No Art can it Cure,
But this lovely Angel Possessing ;
Tho' we are forbid,
Yet by Deceit bid,
We often obtain the Blessing.*

D. Ped. [*Aside.*] — Well said Priest — O !
This is a charming holy Man, no wonder he's
the Womens Favourite.

F. Bar. I feel strange Desire and disorder on
the sudden — my Pulse beats quick — and
ev'ry Sense seems Ravish'd at this Object —
ha ! We are alone, — what hinders me to
make use of this Opportunity ?

D. Ped. O'unds I shall be Cuckolded before
my Face. [*Aside.*]

F. Bar. Besides, no body dare press upon our
Privacy — we have the Advantage above the
Laity. — I'll try. If she should prove Virtu-
ous and resist, the Noise will pass upon her Hus-
band for the Effect of her Possession. For
I shrewdly suspect she is not Mad indeed, and
only puts it on to avoid the Embraces of that
Skeleton, unfit for a Woman of her Youth and
Fire. [*Aside.*]

D. P. Well — for a thoroughly pac'd Whore-
master, commend me to a Priest, I say —

F. Bar. Well — I'll try I'm resolv'd.

[*Steals softly to her and Kisses her.*]

D. Ped.

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D. Ped. Very well — Zounds! I shan't contain my self. —

L. P. I dream't. Ha! Bless me! the Monster's here. Oh! That I cou'd look him dead.

F. B. Do not rise, my charming Angel, let me Feast my Eyes upon that lovely Face; the perfect Image of the Bless'd above.

L. P. Do not Insult me thou ungrateful Traitor, do not —

F. B. What means my Charmer? Oh! forgive my rash Proceedings, and blame your Eyes — those dear Bewitching Eyes, for all that I have done.

L. P. Oh! Monster Devil, worse, if worse can be than the Devil, thou very Priest.

D. P. [*Aside.* Excellent it works now as I wou'd have it.

L. P. You thought you had kill'd me I suppose — but you shall find I live to have a just Revenge, Monster.

[*Flies up and beats him.*

Air XII. Ob! Polly you might have Toy'd.

F. Bar. Ob Daughter, I tremble! thus to see
You so Distemper'd in your Mind.

L. Ped. No more to enrage me,
Nought shall assuage me;
But Revenge I soon will find.

F. Bar. Help! help! help. Bless me she is really Possess'd. [*Beats him.*

Enter Clara with a Stick.

Cla. Ha! Are ye here again, old Belzebub.
[*Lays on him.*

D. P. [*Aside.*] I shall die with Laughing.

F. Bar.

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F. B. What do ye mean, Madam; pray be calm, I wou'd comfort ye.

Cla. As how Father, pray, I am much mistaken if you have any thing that will comfort a Lady.

L. P. Yes, Villain, I can shew your Marks of Comfort, I can so. But I'll be reveng'd on ye, I will.

[Beats him.]

D. P. *[Aside.]* Oh! rare *Fisup!* O rare *Clara.*

F. B. Bless me, by St. *Anthony*, they are both possest, the Maid has caught her Frenzy, of her Mistress in *Nomine Domini.*

[Runs to the Table, and takes a Bason of Holy Water and sprinkles 'em]

D. *[Aside.]* —O rare Priest; ha, ha, ha.

L. P. I'll *Nomine Domini* you, you had better have hang'd yourself in your Rope's End, than have us'd it on us —I'll make it a dear Beating to you, Sirrah.

F. B. Oh Maria mater. *(Flingsthe Water over 'em)*

L. Oh! he'll drown me.

F. B. Avant Satan. I conjure you by St. *Anthony*, St. *Bridget*, and our Lady of *Lo-retta.*

[Still flings water.]

Cla. Strikes the Bason down and breaks it

Cla. What, ho! a Rape! I'll have you hang'd; I'll shew the World the Jewel they doat on, —I saw when you wou'd have ravish'd my Lady, thou Monster of Iniquity.

F. B. Mercy on me, the Devil is very strong in 'em both.

D

Enter

26 *The DISAPPOINTMENT,*

Enter D. Pedro.

D. Ped. (Aside.) Ha! I must relieve the Priest, or they'll murder him between 'em. See the Rage of a disappointed Woman. What's the matter here? Pray Father withdraw, I am heartily sorry for your ill Treatment; it is the height of their Frenzy, you see Father, I'll wait upon you in the next Room immediately: You can do 'em no Good, I see Father.

F. B. Alas, Senior, they are so strongly possess'd, that one Man can't deal with 'em both. *[Exit.*

Clara. Will you let him go, Senior? Why, he would have ravish'd my Lady, had not I cry'd out.

D. P. No, Mistress, you cry'd out, because he did not ravish your Lady. —Go, I'll reckon with you within, —troop.

[Exit Clara.]
Now, Madam, for your, —do you know this Letter.

L. P. Ha! my Letter to Father Barnardo —The Villain has betrayed me, and I am undone. *[Aside.]*

D. P. Why don't ye speak, what are ye dumb, then I must fetch you to your Speech with this, *[Pulls out a Dagger.]*

L. P. Oh! defend me, heaven, —but why *[falls on her Knees.]* name I heaven, I have offended that in wronging thee, tho' but in Thought: O forgive me, have pity on my Youth

Youth, and let me live; —punish me as severely as you please; let ev'n him, who has betray'd my Name, my Sentence, then I'm sure it will be harsh enough. — Whate'er it be, I will religiously perform it.

D. P. [*Aside.*] I melt, the cunning Baggage knows her Power.

L. P. Oh! do Pudsey, do, won't you forgive your nown Fisup? Can you pierce this Bosom you have so often kifs'd; —and see my Blood run trickling down.

D. Ped. I am conquer'd, I can hold no longer; rise—for this time I forgive you, but on Condition you never see your ghostly Father more No more Harrangues in Praise of his Sanctity and Holiness of Life.—Do you hear, Fisup.

L. P. No, never, indeed.

D. P. Take heed, for if I catch you faulty look to it, expect no pardon.

L. P. No, when I am, may I your pardon miss.

Since you so generously forgive me this.

D. P. When Wives, like mine, give Inclination scope,
No Cure for Cuckoldom like Oil of Rope.

F I N I S.

ACT OF THE 27

Youth, and let me live —
tearfully as you please; let even him, who has
been my friend, my comfort, my joy, my
life, it will be mine no more. — Where is
it, I will religiously perform it.

D. P. [Alas! I meet the cunning baggage
knows her power.

L. P. Oh! do Rudy, do, won't you for-
give your own I did? Can you please this
Golden, you have to open kind — and let
my blood run trickling down.

D. V. I am contented, I can hold no long-
er; this — for this time I forgive you, but on
Condition you never see your ghostly Father
more. No more. I am sure he is of his sanc-
tity and Holiness of life. Do you hear, Rudy?

L. P. No, never, indeed.

D. P. Take heed, for if I catch you faulty
look to it, expect no pardon.

L. P. No, when I am, may I your pardon

Since you so kindly forgive me this

D. P. When you can give Justice

you keep

No Cure for Cuckoldom like Oil of Hope.

